Chapters from the History of the Earth. Under the above title, Mr. ARTHUR NICOLS has prepared, and the Harpers have published.

a lucid and attractive monograph which fills a popular treatise. The oties tof this work is to collect and bring to a focus the varied information usually sought in special text books on ustronomical physics, geology, physical geography, blology, esteology, and anthropology, and thus exhibit at one view the most authentic and interesting conclusions that have been reached regarding the physical and biological history of our planet. As regards the author's point of view, we may say that he, in common with most modern geologists, unhealtatingly rejects what are known as catastrophic explanations of terrestrial change, that in his discussion of blological problems he accepts the doctrine of evolution as at all events a useful working hypothesis, and, of course, it follows that in his treatment of authropology he does not shrink from postuisting as at least probable the simian origin of man. The chapters of this work which will naturally be scanned with most attention by the reader, and to which we refer in some detail, are those in which the author sums up the judgment of modern science in regard to the glacial periods, to the continuity of life, and to the autiquity of man.

Through what cosmical changes has it been possible that Arctic fee could have descended into the very heart of Europe, after the lapse of an epoch during which Greenland itself brought forth abundant ferests, and how could the ice again retreat 40 its present boundaries, leaving the area it once enveloped fit for the habitetion of man and the growth of luxuriant vogetation? Among the various explanations of the glacial phenomena which have been offered the author is disposed to reject both the volcanic and the atmospheric theories, and to adopt the astronomical view which Dr. James Croll has ably advocated. According to the latter's hypothesis, the orbit of the earth has been subject to great eccentricity at irregularly recurring periods. This circumstance, combined with the precession of the equinoxes, has completely revolutionized the seasons-giving, during one period, a long and cold winter and very brief summer to the northern hemisphere, with the reverse to the southern; and, during another period, entailing a long summer and short winter in the northern, and an opposite state of things in the southern baif of the earth. Dr. Croll pointed out that, in the former case, the general disposition of the winds would, owing to wellknown atmospheric laws, be from north to south, pushing back the warmer tropical waters from the northern hemisphere, on which account a glacial climate would prevail there. Contrariwise, in the other period designated. the normal movement of winds would be from south to north; and hence the waters of the tropical beit would be carried north of the equator, and the climate there would become warm. The winds would certainly have the motion described in virtue of the laws by which air from a cold area flows over to a warmer one, and they would thus contribute toward the results indicated. Mr. Nicols would assign tens and even hundreds of thousands of years for the recurrence of these great secular summers and winters, due to the varying eccentricity of the earth's orbit and the varying position of its axis. That such changes have taken place within smaller limits during the short buman period we have positive proof in the discrep-ancies between the present apparent places of certain stars and their position as given by earlier astronomers, and which, it cannot be doubted, were the true positions for their time. There is, therefore, in Mr. Nicols's opinion, a sound basis in experience for the astronomical theory advanced by Dr. Croll. The objectibes to it are mainly negative—that is to say, they deny the existence of categorical proof, but they do not impeach the completeness and felicity of the explanation of all the climatic changes involved in the glacial phenomena.

law of continuity has governed the succession of life throughout all time. This we must per-

force admit, he thinks, unless every fact which is marshalled before the reader in these pages can be sturnistized as part of a chain of extraordinary delusion, of an inconceivably persistent nerses of evidence, leading to a false conclusion; unless, in other words, paleontology be the only branch of human science which renders unsound deductions from sound premises inevitable and stultifies all man's powers of observation, comparison, and generalization. The testimony, he admits, may often be imperfeet, but he avers that, in no single instance where we are fully possessed of it, does it contradict the law; and it is utterly incorruptible. To a definite question, a given fossil or series of fossils may no reply, but whenever an auswer is given it is clear, decisive, always in one direction. The author of this rolume is persuaded, beyond the possibility of reasonable doubt, that a continuous series of sedimentary deposits must have been formed from Laurentian times to the present; and that they included a perfect record of every form of tife before they were broken up and dispersed, their fessils being destroyed by arosion in water, or so metamorphosed by heat as to have suffered complete obliteration. For the reasons just mentioned, the evidence is defective; there are gaps in the proof of succession; but Mr. Nicols affirms that ac series of mechanical or biological phenomens can be so connected as to sustain for a moment the view of the older geologists that sudden "catastrophes" have effected revolutions in the distribution of land and water, sweeping away whole groups of animals and replacing them by new and totally distinct types ver, although we meet with wide intervals here and there in the line of paleontological succession, which, if our knowledge went no further, might seem fatal to the law of centinut, as the scale is followed backward, the types become more and more simple, and the proofs of evolution more impressive. It may be thought that the nonlogist, dealing with living forms, has surer ground for confidence the Lord's day," and it commanded, in so many in the evolutionary hypothesis than the paleontologist, who gropes among the fragments of shattered stratu; but the former never can complete his genealogy without help from the latter. When, for instance, living maraupials first became known, they astonished and perplexed naturalists beyond measure. Separated by the whole expanse of the Pacific Ocean, they might indeed have been regarded as distinct ercations for America and Australasia reepectively; but by and by the geologists found them as fossils in the Colite of Europe, proving them to be nothing specially extraordinary. Asia and Africa, again, alone pos our day true elephants, but we have only to strip off the surface of almost contemporary accumulations to find closely related species occupying the most prominent position among the herbivora of northern Europe and America, to the very verge of the Arctic circle So long, in fact, as the zoologist had before him a small body of 'c. a, admittedly remarkable in themselves and adconnected with the past history of the globe, he had no alternative but to explain them by a law of creation operating suddenly for the production of new and vastly advanced forms. He has now been constrained to abandon this ground, because the paleontologist has shown him organisms advancing by ssive steps toward the isolated beings which had excited his astonishment and led

him to an erroneous conclusion. Although he is circumspect in his statements, it is plain that the author of this text book deems the relationship of man to the family of the Simindie supported by such a weight of probability and analogy as to render positive demonstration almost superfluous. Modern anthropology, he says, maintains two leading propositions-first, the descent of man from a primitive erenture, who would hardly rank among the most degraded of existing human races; secondly, the gradual and exceedingly slow development of all the intellectual and moral faculties, which at present constitute his experiesity. The first proposition, while it yet to church, the Judges said that the work was besults technically unproved, is buttressed, lawful. As regards travel upon Sunday, Mr.

as Mr. Nicola is careful to remind us, by very potent considerations; but around the second a vast mass of direct evidence, of the most cogent character, has been For some of the fossil men, indeed, discovered in western Europe, French archmologists have asserted an antiquity reaching back to the pleiocene, and even melocene periods, and, indisposed as English biologists are to admit the existence of man in melocene times. there is no question of his presence in Europe during the life period, which included among its then living fauna the mammeth rhinoceres. cave bear, byena, reindeer, and probably the sabre-toothed flon, some of which are now extinet, while others are geographically remote. Even the age of the human remains found in the conclomorate of the Florida coral reef was estimated at 10,000 years by Agassiz, who was by no means prone to exaggerated views of the antiquity of man. Mr. Nicols also refers to the human skeleton discovered beneath four strata of forest growths in the delta of the Miscissippi by Dr. Dowler, who, from an examination of all the circumstances, concluded that 50,000 years have passed away since that ancient American breathed the breath of life.

A Popular Discussion of Legal Topics. A correct and readable account of those principles of modern jurisprudence which bear on the concerns and incidents of every day is published by the Harpers in a stout octave volume called Judge and Jury, by BENJAMIN VAUGHAN ABBOTT. This book is not to be confounded with the preposterous manuals which inwyer's assistance in every situation and predicament of life. Indeed, we should rather say that the opposite aim was contemplated by this entertaining treatise, seeing that the chapter entitled "Drawing One's Own Will" demonstrates the folly of such a performance by number of telling and amusing instances. The truth is that these essays are written mainly from a literary point of view, being intended to interest and please; and if they can be said to have an educational object at all it is to interpret for the general reader the incessant allusions to statute and case law in the daily and periodical press. It seems to us that this modest purpose is happily carried out, for although the laws of different States are frequently at variance on any given subject, and although no effort could be made to pursue these discrepancies within the compass of this volume, yet the author has succeeded in presenting a trustworthy general statement of the more saffent authoritative decisions. As might be expected from the popular scheme of the work the author is fond of dwelling on rules of law which have dramatic or diverting aspects. Chapters are devoted, for instance, to the civil damage laws, to Sunday laws, and to the legislation affecting lotteries or prohibiting cruelty to animals. In fact, the laws relating to almost every phase of ordinary life in city and country are discussed in a lucid and lively way, and the reader will notice that the vocations of doctor. druggist, and school teacher seem to be espe cially rich in the suggestion of legal encedote.

The author thinks it a somewhat stringen

rule to hold the seller of liquor accountable in

damages for any mischief done by a drunken man, but he points out that this principle has secome established law in at least half of the States, having been proposed by Indiana and Ohio about twenty-five or thirty years ago as a substitute for Neal Dow's prohibitory law, enacted in Maine. This book cites an instance of the application of these laws from Iowa. where a lady, who had been reduced from affluence to poverty through the drunkenness of her husband, brought suit against eight saloon keepers who had sold him liquer. Most of them paid something to avoid litigation but one of them stood out, and the result was that the jury condemned him to pay \$1,000 by way of reimbursing the money the husband had squandered and \$200 more by way of punitory damages. Again, if a husband squanders property of the wife in fits of intextention, she can compel the Per himself, Mr. Nicols has no doubt that the vendor of the liquor to respond for her loss. There was, it seems, in New York State a crip ple who enjoyed a pension which constituted nearly the whole support of his wife and four children. Upon one occasion, after drawing the money, he stopped at a hotel, drank liquer and reached home minus \$50. Nobody supposed the tavern keeper took the money, bu the wife sued him for making her husband drunk, and the decision was that he ought to pay her a fair share (one-sixth) of the money lost. In another case it appeared that a drink ing husband got possession of \$100 belonging more than it would pay for, sped home, took his wife's horse from the barn and sold it to pay the remainder of his score. The tavern keeper, in this instance, was adju good the wife's loss. Wives, however, are not the only persons who bring these suits. A parent or a child, a husband, an employer, any person, indeed, may make these claims, For example, a young man borrowed his father's horse for a drive. On his way he chanced to visit a liquor saloon, became excited with strong drink, started again quite unfit to manage the horse, and drove it so violently that it died. Here a verdiet was given for the father for the value of the horse. In another instance an inebriated young man took his mother-in law to drive, yet drove so recklessly as to overset the wagon, throw the lady out, and break her arm. Her husband, the father-in-law, brought suit against the liquor seller for the doctor's bill, nurse's wages, and loss of his wife's services while her arm was healing, and

the court sustained his suit. It appears that every State in the Union, except Louisiana, has a Sunday law upon its statute book, though it is enforced, we need not say, with very different degrees of rigor. According to the author of this volume, the original and model of most of them is not to be found in the legislation of the English Commonwealth or Protectorate, or in the early puritanic ordinances of New England, but in an English statute passed in 1676 when the "Merry Monarch," Charles II., was king. The title of that aw was," An act for the better observance of words, the people's "repairing to church, and exercising themselves in the duties of piety and true religion, publicly and privately. Now, however, it is well understood among all who consider the subject disinterestedly that Sunday laws, even where they are enforced with some strictness, do not aim to control in-dividual faith, or to secure for the first day of the week a religious observance. Protection of individual liberty is the real object—the protection of the liberty of the many for rest, if not for worship, against encroachments or interruptions from the few. It is because the masses desire and need the day for rest that the law forbids the few to prosecute and exact continued labors. But what constitutes unlawful labor in the meaning of the several statutes? That one is very poor, and in great need of wages, is not construed to present the kind of necessity that allows him to labor. There was a shoemaker in Massachusetts who could not leave his work in the shop on week days, and who, accordingly, heed a few hills of potatoes in his garden on Sunday morning. The Judges held that this work was not necessary, and therefore not awful. Another case is cited in Massachusetts where a man volunteered to dig out the "wheel "of a paper mill on Sunday, since to stop the wheel on a week day would throw the hands out of work. The workman was hurt. and sued the mill company for damages, to which they answered that he had no business to be cleaning out the wheel pit on Sunday; and he Judges so decided. According to Mr. Abbott, servants and employees may in general take it for granted that the law will sustain them in refusing, upon reasonable, conscientious grounds, to do secular work on Sunday But it is hold that certain work is involved in the very nature of their engagement. Thus where the complaint was that a servant girl rode to her employer's house on Sunday morn ing to cook the breakfast, and that a coachman

harnessed the horses and drove the family

Abbett points out that much more of this is sul erated than the law permits. About eight of ten years ago in Boston two passengers in Sun-day street cars were bort, and sued the company for damages. One of these passengers was a man who was geing to collect some money due him, the other a lady on her way to attend a camp meeting. The Court said that the lady was rightfully travelling, and the comclearly engaged in secular business, and could not recover damages. As to the transit of the mails, the State courts have considered that the responsibility is with Congress of deciding whether or not a mail bag shall be carried to and fro; and, in general, it may be deemed so likely that a train or steamboat carries mail, and so difficult to ascertain whether each passenger is on a secular or Sunday errand, that the conveyance is suffered to pass without so much interference from the courts as theoretically there might be. Recent experi ments have shown however that if the law o the State prohibits Sunday travel, it can be enforced against an excursion boat, when energetic effort is made. It does not follow that damages cannot be recovered by excursionists in the case of the Staten Island ferryboat West field, several actions were brought, in which the lawyers for the defence pleaded the Sunday law. Both of the New York courts which has these cases decided that, while one who travels on Sunday is liable to whatever punishment the statute imposes, he is at the same time as much entitied to protection in life and limb a on a week day. Turning to the publi cation and sale of newspapers on Sunday, we find it held that selling Sunday papers quietly would not be a breach of the peace, but shout-ing about them would be. In New York the publication of Sunday newspapers is permitted by an express statute. The truth is that the question whether a Sunday morning paper is omanded in a community, does not belong to the courts but to the people. Wherever, and as fast as Sunday reading becomes one of the general desires and needs of the people, the low must recognize whatever minimum of labor may be exacted from librarians or printers as necessary work. Since the jurist permits the labor of cooks, sextons, druggists, police men, and seamen, he must also, in a reading community, countenance the small measure o service needed for supplying facilities for read ing : and, of course, this remark applies to the quiet opening of libraries as well as to the is suing of newspapers.

Can a floctor collect his bill from the person calling him when the services are rendered to another party? The courts hold that the person who summons the doctor as a messenger only cannot be charged with the value of the serrices. To make him pay, some other facts must he shown, such as that he promised in so many words, that he would pay the bill. Of course, such cases are decided differently where a hus band or father of young children calls the doc tor for his wife, son, or daughter. Here the messenger, but because he is responsible for the patient's support and expenses. But a wife who deserts her husband, and becomes slei away from home, cannot run up a doo tor's or drumgist's bill against him; the charge must be against the lady. It is quite clear, too, that a druggist who should sell intoxicating liquors, or preparations of oplum, to a married woman, could not recover the price from the husband. What is practically more important to know is that the husband may turn around and sue the vender for damaging his wife's constitutional bealth. A New York lady was addicted to taking laudanum to excess, and the Court held that the husband could recover damages from the druggist was sold it for the loss of his wife's society and service, and for the expenses of her cure. As to the rights of different schools of medicine. Mr Abbott points out that in New York, up to 1814, there were laws prescribing medica studies, and limiting the right to collecpayment for treating patients to persons regularly educated and licensed. Since the date mentioned, however, not only homosopathy, but other schools of medicine accounted unorthodox by aliopathiats, have been formally recognized before the law. About ten years ago there was some litigation relating to a will, in the course of which, a witness be-ing asked whether any other physician than himself attended the testator, answered: "No other physician: I understood he had a quack Hereupon Dr. White who was a homosopathist wing much incensed, brought a lawsuit, and the Court declared that since 1844 it is slander in New York to call a practitioner a quack for no other reason than that he follows the homoopathic system. In general, the legal doctrine now seems to be that the patient and his friends are understood to employ a physician with the system he espouses. A strong case a man called a "botanic" doctor to malpractice. There were altonathic doctors lenty of them, to testify that the Thompsonian had neglected proper and necessary precau-tions in the case; but he proved that he had faithfully pursued the rules of the "botanic system, such as they are. The Court said that if he had done this he could not be sued. In a word, a doctor's duty, as defined by law, is to see ordinary skill and knowledge, such as are possessed by average practitioners of his own chool; and if he does this the patient cannot afterward find fault because some other avstern would have suited the case better. The reader will draw the interence that it behooves him to know something about the system which a given physician advocates and applies

A Life of Samuel Lover.

An appreciative study of one of the most brilliant and versatile Irishmen of the century is offered us in a new life of Samuel Lover by A. J. Symington (Harpers). Best known to us by his songs, which will live as long as true pathos and racy humor seek adequate expression, and by his novels, with their admirable delineations of Irish wit and character, Mr. Lover earned distinction in many fields of art paving, in his day, done excellent work, not only as the author of lyries and prose fiction. but as a dramatist, painter, etcher, musical composer, and executant. In any one of these walks he occupied a position which would have been sufficient for ordinary fame, and it is the object of the present biographer to exhibit the many-sided capacity of the artist, and the pe-

cultarly genial and lovable nature of the man. Samuel Lover was born in Dublin in 1797, and was therefore 71 years old when he died in St. Helier's, Jersey, in 1868. It seems a curious fact to chronicle, when we consider his intensely mathetic, not to say Bohemian proclivities that he was the son of a member of the stock exchange, who, notwithstanding the urgent advice of his boy's teachers that he should be sent to the university, insisted upon placing him in his own office to learn the broker's business. The boy's tastes, however, were not to be coerced, and at the age of 17 he left the office and the paternal roof with only a few pounds in his pocket, determined to fight his way in the world as an artist; and after three years' seclusion, devoted to practice and study. ne came before the Dublin public as a marine and miniature painter. Few persons probably are aware of the singular merit of Lover's miniatures, which, we observe, the author of this memoir does not hesitate to pronounce his most exquisite achievements in the direction of pure art. Before 1833 he had already painted the Duke of Weilington, the Duke of Leinster, and others of the Irish nobility, but it was the marked success of his portrait of Paganini at the Royal Academy Exhibition, in the year just named, which led to his subsequent removal to London. This miniature was appreciated both by the general public and the most refined critics, even the reproduction of the masstro's violin in every line and touch being declared by Wilkie, Chantrey, and others to be a study worthy of the hand of Gerard Dow. It was as a painter that Lover first took his position in London, as well as in Dublin, and his mininture of Lord Brougham in the robes of office

as Lord Chancellor quite custained his reputaemy, to which, by the way, he continued to con-tribute for twoive years. Of his Brougham, "That face speaks," exclaimed some one when it was hung on the walls. "Speaks?" added David Roberts; " more than that, the nose twitches." The other gitts, however, of the ccomplished Irishman soon became widely known, and a friend, recording her recollections of this spoch, writes: "We went one day with Mr. Lover into Chantrey's workshop to see the bronze status of Sir T. Monroe. There we found Allan Cuningham, who immediately said in his broad Scotch, Your friend is a complete monopolizer. I wonder now whether he will paint, write a poem, or make a song about

Lover's first dramatic venture had been produced at Dublin in 1827. This was a species of spectacular opera called "Graunweal," founded on a Celtic legend, and for which he composed the music as well as the words. After his removal to London he wrote a number of charming songs (words and music) for Mme. Vestris, and in 1885 furnished her with a dramatic novelty for Christmas called Olympic Pienic," which ran through the season, and is still heartly relished by the amateurs of genuine English opera bouffe. Lover's next play, acted in 1836, was the " Bean Ideal, a comedy in which the chief part was sus-tained by Liston, and in the following year he dramatized his novel of "Bory O'More, with a view to the part of its buoyant hero being sustained by Tyrone Power. This piece was played 108 nights in its first London season. and afterward universally through the kingdom. For the Haymarket, Lover wrote the farce of "The Happy Man," founded on the Eastern story of the man who had no shirt. He also composed both words and music for the operatts of "The Greek Boy," produced by Mms. Vestris at Covent Garden, and for "Il Paddy Whack in Italia," which Balfe brought out at the Lyceum. These, with "The Hall Porter," "The White Horse of the Peppers," and "Mr. Arthur Moore," make up the greater part of Lover's dramatic works.

The first story, or rather the first successful

tory, which Lover wrote, was "The Gridicon; or, Paddy Maloney's Travels in France." "That." ne used to say, "was the last thing I wrote for honor and glory; I got paid after that." This ittle sketch obtained a really wonderful popularity; and when Lover was first presented, in London, to Mme. Malibrau, we are told that the latter held out her hand to him, exclaiming in pretty broken English, Will you lend me the oan of a gridiron?" In the course of 1839 Lover turned his attention to political matof caricature etchings, which, in 1831, ap-peared in the "Irish Horn Book," to which he contributed also much of the satirical literary matter. Two years afterward appeared the first series of his "Legends and Stories of Ireland," including the "Mighty Quare Story" of Paddy the Piper. In 1834 he found time amid his other avocations to issue a second series of "Tales and Legends," illus-

public. Among others we need scarcely mention such lamillar and cherished names as "Molly Bawn," What will Ye do, Love?" The Giri I Left Behind Me, "The Low-Backed Car," 'I'm Not Sivelf at all." The Hond of Life," Molly Carew," and "The Widow Machree." Before his time the characteristics of the Irish peasant were supposed to be chiefly a profusion of quaint expletives, "wheek folderois," "hurroos." and allusions to his and praties progress shillshale, lewels, and joys. On one occasion, Lover chanced to comment on these current impostures to his bright countrywoman. Lady Morgan. She exclaimed. Do you think you could do better?" At all events, I'll try, "he answered, and the result was the song of "Rory O'More," which, set by him to a lively and appropriate Irish air, flew over the United Kingdom, crossed the ocean, and, like the union lack, male the circuit of the world. The unprecedented success of this song encouraged him to work the new and rich wein he had hit upon, and "Rory" was followed by some forty lyrics of like character, some of which attained almost as great a popularity. "Barny O'Hea." for instance, and "That Rogne Relly" are full of an arch impudence of the 'Rory' type, while 'Dermot O'Dowd' and "The Whistiling Thief" absolutely corruscate with fun.

It appears that as a musical composer Lover had the gift of melody in an eminent degree. The airs which he composed for his songs were simple, symmetrical, and compact in structure, natural and expressive in phrase and singable. These qualities were such as might be expected of one in whom the lyric faculty was birdlike—words and melody welling up twether as the complement of each other. On one occasion he told his daughter that he never wrote a song in his life "except he couling' help it," and he never attempted to pea the words but the air came simultaneously. Lover, like Moore, was accustomed to sing his own compositions, and he rendered his more touching productions with a general policy how the heavy of the great of the great of the great of the

listener, the tyric has in it. Mr. Lover thought, the germ of success.

In connection with this topic the reader will took with interest on a private letter of Mr. Lover's, in which he adverts to the flattering opinion expressed by a correspondent as to the comparative merity of Moore and himself. He does not deny that, in his opinion, there is more of the touch of a sture, more feeling, and, beyond dount, much more that is Irish in his own writings than in Moore's. The latter's songe, let thinks, are not racy of the soil for indeed. writings than in Moore's. The latter's sones, he thinks, are not racy of the soil, for indeed, with the modes of expression and phases of thought and sentiment of the people of Ireland Moore was unacquainted. As regards, however, the singulate quality of his work, he declares Moore was "matchless," and Lover dilates on the consummate skill with which the rival singer accommodated every word to the subtle requirements of the vocalists "linked sweetness long drawn out." We think the author of this memoir hits the difference between the two withers very healty when he compares two writurs very noutly when he compares Moore's lyries to champarne, sweet, but frothy, and Lover's to the blood-red wine, with now and then a sip of genuine Irish mountain dew perfectly unique in its flavor.

RATHAN APPLEARS MARRIEGE.

Mr. Ralph Tyler of Hartford, whole now 94 rears old, remembers very well seeing and talking withe man who was born in the seventeenth century, either in the year 1696 or 1697. Besides this gentleman, Mr. Tyler in his boyhood saw and conversed with many men who were soldiers in the Revolutionary war. There was a famous club in Hartford in ante-revolutionary days called the Seven Coppers Club, and in the early part of this century many were the tales and traditions current about it. Many of these Mr. Tyler has beard.

The story of Nathan Appleby, given below, was a tale that was told for years and years. Partly from tradition and partly from slight reprints of it the following, with a description of the club itself, has been gleaned.

The meetings of the Seven Coppers Club were discontinued as informally as they were begun. There was, however, a certainty about the date of its end that did not exist respecting its origin, of which the recollections were only vague and meagre. Like the earth, the Seven Coppers had a creative epoch, though a much longer one than our sphere's was, if you take the Book of Genesis—as did the gentlemen who were members of this club-as a record that means precisely what it says.

Somewhere back in the days of the French war these seven American subjects of the King of England got in the way of meeting for an hour, nightly, in Landlord Moses Butler's comfortable tap room, than which no other was in better esteem in all Hartford town; but none of the members could tell for a certainty when it was that these gatherings became recognized as a social club, or were first honored with a name. Of the day of its dissolution, however, no shade of doubt can exist, informal as that event was. It never held a meeting after the eve of that spring morning in 1775, when Peter Perkins came riding breathless and heated up the main street of Hartford, shouting: "The war's begun! The British have shed our blood on Lexington Green!"

This message came within an hour of noontime, and before the sun went down three, and possibly four, of the younger members of the cinb were ready, clad in their bearskin hats, dark blue surtouts, and buckskin breeches, with their flint-locks in prime order, to join the Continental army in Massachusetts.

Possibly the Seven Coppers might have kept up its nightly meetings, even with such a break in its membership, had not Landlord Moses Butler suddenly died. It so happened that this cheery soul, who was a hearty rebel, became greatly excited when he heard Peter Perkins's message, and they said that his choler aggravated his dropsy and sent the disease to his head. At all events, they found him that evening sitting on his settle by the fire with his head fallen forward, and a rusty musket in his hand, dead.

Of course, under such sudden and alarming visitations, the Seven Coppers Club ceased to exist; but for some years after, to be-lieve the tale of men, now aged, who get it from their fathers, who were lads in the hast days of the Seven Coppers, such elderly

the first file of the file of conscienced table that served him for all the purposes of his calling. This was a simple contrivance, ret one in which Moses took great delight, for he conceived it himself. It was merely a siab of chestnut wood, highly polished by frequent banding, and richly stained by the overflow that followed his generous filting of the must. The special ingenity that delighted Moses was the isable; lings that attached one can do it he sind that held his Medford rum, and siso the other hings that permitted the leg such freedom of perpendicular motion, that it lay folded against the slab when Moses lifted both and hastened them against the cupboard door. Now Moses had an artistic eve, and he had therefore caused the under side of this slab to be decorated with the head of King George the Third-for head that, no withstanding the ror and the formal and searcity of painters, was intended for such representation. It mattered little that the lest, when the slab was raised, cut off from view the likeness of the royal neet, for Moses and the Seven Coppers know that, though hidden, the nose was there. In the evening, however, this decorated side of the slab was seldom visible, for Moses let if down at such times from the wall, that he might use it as a table.

The landlord on this evening did not wait long for the arrival of the members. They came soon after the setting of the sun, and seated themselves without other ceremony than a correcons good evening, and becam at once to call, all for file, some for pines headed, with a suggestive. Having recolved his seated himself behind his movable table, with his head hetween the brighty polished candiested was speedily fragrant with a narranty of spot of the sparkle of a repartee of her point of a tale or the sparkle of a repartee of fere opportunity, to suuff a cande as a mark of approval, and happy wes that member of the Seven Coupers who seembellished a narranty of s

"Ah. Neighbor Birchwood," said Mr. Pantry, in the querious tone of age, and with the condessession of manner that they pardoned in a man whose grandfather led in the assaut on the Pequot Indians a hundred years before. "Ah, neighbor Birchwood, you have the observant eye of your mother, and a bright maid sho was, and a brighter matron she is, and who keeps her youth well. You agest, I'll venture, of him to whom Neighbor Porchise made reference."

Surely "said Squire Whytynge," mygrandson did say to me that the stranger stopped at your door. Neighbor Taylessatt."

Is it of him you speak?" asked Mr. Taylecatt, with an accent of surprise, although he coaff, with an accent of surprise, although he was well aware, when Mr. Parchas made the inquiry, to whom he referred. "I know not whether his queue was away or not, though I did observe that his boots and breeches were solled with hard riding. That was Mr. Giles

Callet of New London, who beareth me the relation of cousin twice removed."

He who is in troth for his second wife to the vidor Ainsley, who dwells on the Farmington of he." said Mr. Robert Biumfield, with the positiveness of speech that became a bachelor who was, perhaps, on that account, the first to learn of sontimental matters and observe what lads and maids cast eyes at such other over the high-backed paws of a Sunday, and who could always tell upon the night of the Lord's day where every young fellow in town was visiting.

The same, replied Mr. Taylcoatt. His rested with me for an hour, and is now with the

where every roung fellow in town was visiting.

"The same," replied Mr. Taylcoan. "He rested with me for an hour, and is now with the widow at her father's, as I believe. I effered hospitality to him and to his beast, and he did make mention of many of the alfairs of the day in his part of the country. I recall now a cfreemaxance of which he spoke, a very singular circumstance of which he spoke, a very singular circumstance."

Here Mr. Taylcoatt sipped from his mug, and seemed disposed to whet his hearers' our iosity by delay.

"You will tell us of that, if it was not in confidence," pleaded Mr. Pantry, whose trembling voles was even more querelous than usual by reason of his engerness.

"Being desired, I will," replied Mr. Taylcoatt, and receiving unanimous consent, as he had expected, he bogan:

"Mr. Giles Cullet, neighbor, is a God-fearing man, with the love of truth in him. He did assect that, no longer ago than Saturday afternoon, a large he bear appeared upon the main street of New London, and was at once pursued and greatty peited with clubs and stones, for no one dared to fire a musket leet some of the crowd be wounded, peratventure killed. So the beast escaped to the Great South Meadow, of which you know by hearsay."

"Aye, and by eyesight too," said Mr. Pantry, with some vanity of expression, "for I did visit that town in my youth."

"There," continued Mr. Taylcoatt, "he was shot, and roasted whole, and many supped off him."

"I do marvel at that greatly," said Mr. Purchas "for he out the produced and server the same and server the continued Mr. Taylcoatt, "he was shot, and roasted whole, and many supped off him."

try, with some vanity of expression, "for I did visit that town in my youth."

"There," continued Mr. Tayleoatt, "he was shot, and roasted whole, and many supped off him."

"I do marvel at that greatly." said Mr. Parchas, "for in our time such events do not often happeen, though I have heard my grandfather apeak of some such thing.

"Were not Mr. Cullet a truth-tailing man I should believe he had spoken in exaggeration," said Mr. Birchwood. "As it is, I am astounded at the daring of the bruis."

"So am I," said Mr. Blumfield, "but less at the tale than that neighbor Goodwing finds in it something to make merry about."

"I observed his mirth," said Squire Whytysge, "and I see no cause for laughter," and the old gentleman turned his head, so that his old gentleman turned his head, so that he cohin rubbed against his line frill, and he looked reprovingly at Mr. Goodwing.

The reproach was without avail. Indeed, the look seemed only to aggravate Mr. Goodwing's mirth, and his laughter became so uproarious that his fellow members forzet Mr. Tayleoatt's narration, in their astonishment at such conduct and their desire to know the cause of it.

In sooth, neighbor Goodwing, have you secretly persuaded Mose Butler to fill your mur again?" This Mr. Birchwood said by way of reproof and not as meaning it. For he thought that the insninution of drunkenness would string Mr. Goodwing late an explanation.

"That he has not," said Moses, as he threw down bis sauffers and rose in his place behind the slab, "for you well know that one may of filp, and only one, you receive from me of an evening, and that is of good measure; but neither seven coppers nor twice seven will get you another, save only on the night before the me-ting of the General Court."

"Your words, though true, are not necessary, Moses," said Mr. Birchwood. "I spoke as chiding Neighbor Goodwing and the inquired of Mr. Tayleoatt if he had found a purchaser for the likely negro weach he had given notice on the public sign board he would seil. Mr. Pantry's plan, howev

NEIGHBOR GOODWING'S STORY.

"Nephew Nathan was always gentle. I doubt if he ever knowingly trod upon a worm, and I'll wenture no word ever escaped his line that he would wish to recall. He early found the peace of heaven, and has been all his days thanking God that the blessings voncheafed to him are so manifold. It is, as I now call to mind, some eighteen months ago, as my spouse stood under the maple true that is near our porch, busy, as is her wont, with some dairy matters, that she heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs, and looking up, whom did she see but her neighew. Nathan, He rode up to her, and, without dismounting, caused her, bending low to do so, and siter presenting her with a fat and neatly plucked fowl, made discourse which I will repeat as gearly as my memory bears out what my wife lid tell me.

"The Lord hath been very good to me, my Aunt Charity." "Nephew Nathan was always centle. I doubt be ever knowingly tred upon a worm and Aunt Charity.' So he hath, Nathan.'

"So he hath, Nathan."

"My blessings are more than I can recken, my Aunt Charity.

"Truly you do well always to bear that in mind, Nathan."

Yet, I fear that through so many mercies, I shall be unmindful of my spiritual duties and become attached to the things of time and sense, my Aunt Charity."

"You must pray to be delivered from tempta-You must pray to be delivered from tempta-Nathau.

tion. Nathan.

I have cast my eyes about accking some means by which I may be tried as by fire, my means by which I may us Aunt Charity.

Aunt Charity.

You do wrong, Nathan. The Lord works in His own way. Therefore I believe that He hath directed my thoughts. my thoughts."
What mean you, Nathan?"
"Toward Mistress Polly Prentiss, my Aunt

ow, if I know my spouse, neighbors," sald ir. Goodwing, interrupting the course of his arrative, and to judge by the flash of indigna-on that was in her eyes as she told me this, is answer that she gave Nathan was not gen-ig. Her words were: tion that was in her eyes as sho told me this, the answer that she gave Nathan was not gentle. Her words were:

"Toward that show! Why, she hath it in her to afficin man worse than him from whom our Lord did drive seven devis."

"Yot, knowing that I desire Mistress Polity in marriage; surely in that way, it in no other, I may make self-sacrifice, and be tried as by fire."

"You are pleased to peat, Nathan."

"I never jest, my Aunt Charity; for every light word we are held to account."

But Heaven dots not command you to est bread that high moided, nor to take a wild beast to your home. Nathan."

"Nay; but it has come upon me with the force of conviction, my Aunt Charity; that I must have such trial ever present."

The members of the Seven Lappers must have taken trial ever present.

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"The religion of the trief to here used was the way that the moit of sill the gazetic months of the matrons as there was the matrial ever present."

wing said by way of interruption. "did call him a stupid fool, and did pray heaven afterward to forgive her. She said to him, also, that to wed that woman would be to seek a grave or the madhouse. But he shook his head, and without further remark rode away; and my shouse did comfort herself by the thought that, determine as he might, two minutes of conversation with Mistress Poity would drive the nation from his head. A week later, Nathan came again. "She hath promised to wed me, my Aunt Charity."

Mistress Polity would drive the notion from his head. A week later, Nathan came again.

"She hath promised to wed you Nathan's She hath promised to wed me, my Aun's Charity."

She hath promised to wed you Nathan's Have you in truth asked her hand? I could cry with vexation and sorrow.

"How class, my Aant Charity, could she promise to wed me unless I asked her hand?"

"How class." Why, the shrew, had she taken the notion, would not heaftate to go to you or any man and demand marriage. Of course she promised you. Little chance had she of a husband. Why, Nathan, why did you not wed the Widow Abigail Spence? Tell methat? A good wothen, a thrifty housewife, and a gentle soul.

"Ah, my Aant Charity, much did I desire to do so, but that would have been too great blessing. Sorely was I tompted to ask the widow's hand on the day that her sister Lydia wedded young Spicer. I sat that evening in the kitchen by the window as she knitted, and marked her grace of manner and comelloses, and I made mention of Ledia's happiness, and when I did this Abigail turned to me with tender eyes, and coyly said:

"Will you not take pity on Lydia's lonely sister? and for an instant, even many minutes I did have sore tempstion to woo her: for I judged by that remark she might, if urged, have given me her hand. Then cmms the words of the Scripture to me, to fice temptation, and I made great effort and quitted her. I have not seen her since, except in church, where as does gaze on me with said eyes."

You are a wicked man, Nathan Appleby, thus to break the heart of a good woman and to take up with a shew. Still, having done so, Nathan, tell me of your wooing of Polly."

"It was on the evening of the last Lord's Day, my Aunt Charity, as the sun went down, that I made my woo here form hand, and so, nathan, tell me of your wooing of Polly."

"It was on the evening of the last Lord's Day, my Aunt Charity, as the sun went down, that I made my woo here form hands, and son and one of her father's farm hands, and son and one of her father's farm han

said. You great seed-sowing numbered cloud of my sight, you fil-favored, hideous-manuered cloud. And yet you persevered in your intentions. Nathan?"

"Truly, Idid, and I heard her say. "I hate a man aread, stupid, fil-begotten things." Then see a student explicit. I hear you will never intentions of the see and. It had a man he had a man he had he would have been well for my mother had she would have been well for my mother had she would have been well for my mother had she would have been well for my mother had she would had the triplication I degreatly need. Mr. Prentiss came to me, and I spoke my mind to hien without delay. I said that I desired his daughter in marriage.

"And what did he requy?"

"He answered that Eunice was a will-favored girl, and that he could not deap her to me, if she chose to take me. I said that not Eunice, but Mistress Poliy. I desired, and I confess he seemed amazed, and did stare at me with a certain fixed expression that was painful to look upon. Then he approached me and said that his suspicion wronged me. Then he looked at me again, and over history reason had left me. At last I persuade him that his suspicion wronged me. Then he looked at me again, and over history reason had left me. At last I persuade him to send his daughter Poliy to me. As he cuited the room he seized my hand, and said. "Nathan, I pray that she may drive you from the house. It would be a blessing to you."

"Mistress Poliy came into the best room, my Aunt Charity, and, as the door closed, sia atood with her back against it and suiled, and I confess that the smile had naught of humor but only scorn in it. I trembled at that smile, fearing she would drive me thenes.

"Soeak up. Nathan Appleby," she said, "for never, since your mother bore you, id you speak louder than a cat mews."

"If I now remember right, I answered her nothing, for my thoughts wore in confusion,"

"At dumb?" she said. "Might as well be for aught you can say. Your face is like a jack-o'-lanteer, you're no seen here. Caroosty, to the sound o

Tes, they were married, on the Lord's day three weeks, and those who saw them as they quisted her inther's house say that she beseted him all the way to his home."

"And did he soon wish he were dead?" acked Mr. Purchas in such suggestive tone that Mr. Biumfield again sivly nueged Mr. Good wing.

"He bore her shrewishness uncomplaintingly for six months or more, though he did confess to me, upon one occasion, that he did confess to me, upon one occasion, that he did confess to me, upon one occasion, that he did not bear in mind when he married that death only parted husband and wife. His silence enraged her; but never did he speak a word in tempor to her. Now I will narrate to you that which is the most marvellous as well as amusing of all of it. My spouse happened to fall in with Nathan's wife about a year ago, and I will say, neighbors, that my spouse, though usually smooth spoken, oan say a thing sharply, if she so desires. She did tell Polly Appleby that it was a grievous shame for her to belabor that patient man, Nathan."

"Man!" Nathan's wife replied, 'Man! Boing of your bloed, it's no wonder he's no man. He means like a onif and he purrs like a cat, and hath leas spunk than either. A calf will buil and a kitten scratch!"

"Well, as to that, Madame Appleby, sharp speech never unde a calf to buint nor a cat to serateh. Your speech is of no more account to bim than it would be to them, said my sneare. "Humph, says my snouse, I could tell you that which would sanke you angry for cause. Do you not know that the sharper speech you use, the better does he like it?"

"At this Mrs. Appleby did open wide her eyes, and, neighbors, as I sit here, for the first time in her life she answered not one word.

"Do you know why he married you? Ars you so stupid that you have not discovered that?" my spouse asked. I know, tor he male confident of me previous to the wedding. He married you because he had no trials, these were his words, and he foared that he could het remblingly shoot his bead with humphor.

"Aha, a good one

Whytynize.

Nover did she speak so quietly, and for some time made no response; at instalic said:
2' So that was his reason, was it? Well-Pil
disappoint him. - Photo-oven-with-him.

J' So that was his reason, was it? Well-III disappoint—him. I'll make him another sort of a wife from his hour, for I will not be a pack horse to carry ministend to heaven!"

Here Moses Butler sharply anuffed both candles, and when the laughter of the gentlement had in a measure subsided, Mr. Goodwing continued:

When Nathan came in soon after, what did his wife do but approach him and kins him, and Nathan tembled, for naver had she done that Andaho said 'dear Nathan,' and she did hovingly caress him, so that he was as one in a transe.

Neighbors,' continued Mr. Goodwing 'I. caress him, so that he was as one in a trance.

"Neighbors," continued Mr. Goodwing, have soen their babe, as I remarked; and I say Nathan gently stroking his spones's brow, such he did say soft words to her, to when she mad loving response, and as she looked copy ows his shoulder to my sponse and me she said. My Aunt Charity, you see wint your work have driven me to. I am not any nack horse am I, my husband? and Nathan and evil if our research kins her, and if she returned no the kins of love, then I never gave one asymptomic would that I had known that thus could she would that I had known that thus could she

"Would that I had known that thus could she have been conquered. For she was the conditional liest lies in ad these parts, and I would have put by with six mounts of gall for a friedment of sweathers. Had I know what I know now, let name would be Boundfeld, not Appieby, said Mr. Birnfeld saidy.

"Aim, neighber Blumffeld, we have your seried now," said Mr. Birnfeld saidy.

"No, you have not neighbors."

I tell you you did betray yourself."

Here the rail close strack 9 and Mosce Butler, tising and soufflux a candle, said. "Now get themen, all of you it is time to be in your best Go home and tott your sponses this hat. If we mure they'll delight to hear it," And with his usual authority he sent them all away.

The members of the Seven Coppers must have